New Discovery

OF AN

Old Intreague:

A

SATYR

LEVEL'D AT

Treachery and Ambition:

CALCULATED

To the Nativity of the *Rapparee Plott*, and the Modesty of the *Jacobite Clergy.*

DESIGNED

By Way of Conviction to the CXVII. *PETITIONERS*, and for the Benefit of those that Study the *Mathematicks.*

= Defoe, Daniel

Unus Nobis Cunctando Restituit. —— Ennius.

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Southwest

PREFACE

TO THE

One Hundred & Seventeen.

THE End of Satyr *ought to be, expoſing Falſhood, in order to Reformation. As all Warrings are Unlawfull whoſe Aim is not Peace; ſo Satyrs not thus meant, are no more* Satyrs *but* Libells. *One great Character, and the Lines of which I liked as well as any, is left out here: Becauſe the Perſon is Attoning, as I am told, for the paſt Errors of his Practice, by a future Loyalty to the Government. As for me, if I am blamed for accounting the* Petition *reflected on, a Branch of our New* Jacobite Plott, *I referre to the Letters taken with my Lord* Preſton: *and ſay no more, to any whoſe meaning was ſhort of that, (as I hope ſome were) than that they may here ſee and be convinced whoſe Tools they have been made, and whoſe Work they have been doing.*

For my ſelf, Gentlemen, *who I am, you muſt excuſe me, you ſhall not know: Why I wrote this, I ſhall anſwer onely Negatively: Not for* Profit, *nor make none of it I aſſure you; and if I thought I could work on you, I would beſtow* 117 *upon you* gratis, *and loſe ſo much for a Reformation: Not for* Applauſe *I aſſure you, for I ſhall not ſo much as ask How you like it: Not for* Envy *or* Malice, *for I Honour your Perſons, and ſhould be glad to ſee you become* Engliſh-men *again; and as I hinted above, ſhould be ſo much a Friend to the Work of Converſion, as to leave out any other Character of a Reforming Brother.*

If no Reformation follows, I muſt do as Providence *does, let you alone to your Own Wills, and as I never drew my Pen before, ſo expect no Second* Item *from*

Your Humble Servant, *&c.*

THE

THE

INTRODUCTION.

IN ancient Times when men of Worth were known,
Not by their Fathers Actions but their own,
When Honours ſacred Pile could be come at,
But by the Steps to Virtue Dedicate;
No purchas'd Fame our Panegyricks ſung,
Nor were our widdowed Harps on Willows hung.
Renown by Down-right hazard was attain'd,
And Deeds of Honour onely Honour gain'd.
Expence of Blood the Noble Theam began,
And he alone who ſav'd a *Roman* call'd a Man.
No gawdy Heir which purchas'd Honour ſate
Inſulting o're the Legal Magiſtrate;
Nor Glittering Knighthood ſtrutting with Renown,
That from the Fathers well ſtuft Cheſt begun,
By purchaſed *Mandamus* made his Own:
But well Fought Victories did Fame advance,
The Old try'd *Engliſh* way of Fighting *France*.
And certain Valour certain Glory won,
The honeſt Bait to Emulation.

No

No tatter'd *Hero* in his Shoulder-Belt,
In Age and Poverty his Bruiſes felt:
By conquering Fortune ſtill acknowledg'd Brave,
Yet go Heroick Beggars to the Grave,
No mangl'd *Cavalier* at Seventy Four,
With Fifteen Wounds obtain'd at *Marſton-Moor*,
His Scars Expos'd to the Unthankfull Court,
The Fathers Champion, and the Childrens ſport;
Whoſe ſtranger Politicks New Syſtems had,
And cruſht the Carkaſe to Exalt the Head;
And ſo the Baſis of Deceit began,
The King put on by putting off the Man.
And that the Royal Stratagem might take,
Heroick Paths of Luxury they make:
New Wayes of Happineſs and Life Define,
And ſacrifice to their almighty Wine;
No Idol *Pagod* more Enchantments knew,
Than this did firſt contrive, and that purſue:
Nor do the Ages ſince Records were known,
Such Standards of Refin'd Deluſion own:
In cloſe reſolved Tyrannies purſuing,
By different Means That one great End, our Ruine.
While Crouds of Thoughtleſs *Mob* with Changeling Praiſe,
To their great God the King did ſacrifice:

Nor Hot-brain'd Zeal to Fiery *Moloch* paid
Inhumane Offerings of the ſacred Seed,

(While

(While hapleſs Mothers their own Breaſts deny,
To Bribe the God with their own Progeny)
With greater Guſt than our Addreſſors ſold
Their Liberty for Luſt, for Flattery their Free-hold;
With eager Violence their Charters gave,
Bartring the ſhadow Freedom, for the ſubſtance Slave.
And thus the new erected Fabrick throve,
And Freedom long with dying Pangs had ſtrove,
Till Fate diſclos'd its Reſtoration nigh,
The Mighty Sound diſpirits Tyranny,
So darkeſt Clouds the Morning Brightneſs flye.
But ſtill the haughty Faction's diſcontent,
And ſtruggle with the Chains of Government;
Reſtraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wiſe,
And he that parts with that will Tyrannize.
Kings but by Agents act Illegal Power;
No Jalour like a licens'd Priſoner.
Who firſt his Freedom ſells, receives in Pay
Licence to tyrannize ſome other way.

He paid for this who firſt Indulg'd their Heat,
Whoſe Guile by pious Fraud they firſt defeat;
Men work for others, but for Themſelves they cheat.
For when they found
Their darling luſt Ambition he reſtrain'd,
That *Nero* would be *Nero* by Himſelf,
That He Engroſs'd the Power and *eke* the Pelf;

That

That all their Recompences were Delays,
Or ſuch as Tyrants, always Traytors Pays;
Then their Engag'd aſſiſtance they withdrew,
And with their Lives New Fortunes they purſue.
So Greedy Traytors when their Hopes decline,
Do then their Benefactors undermine;
So Wolves when barren Waſtes afford no Prey,
Will one another brutiſhly deſtroy.

A

SATYR, &c.

OF Modern *Fame* which hourly Pacquets bring,
And actions born of Yesterday, I sing:
No Errant Knights, but Errant Knaves I quote,
With Presidents enough, and none remote.
No Forreign Lists our Catalogue supplies,
Some of our Own the *French* have took as Prize;
We scorn Reprisals, Knaves of Forreign growth
Are Contraband:
Besides, the Prohibition barrs the Trade,
And none but Knaves of *English* Stamp are made;

And *Faith* the ſtock is ſo improv'd for ſale,
~~The Manufacture is not like to fail.~~

No Parallels from *Hebrew* times I take,
And leave the Jingling Simily to ſpeak;
Who faithful Balm to *Englands* Wounds applyes,
The Danger ſhows before the Remedies:
Some Harmony with *Hebrew* Times may be,
In ſome things differ, and in ſome agree.
The chiming Parallel runs counter more,
On all the different ſteps than is agreed before.

The ſacred Tribes with Heaven it ſelf conver'd,
And thundring ſounds the dreadfull Law rehears'd;
Immediate Dictates their Records began,
Carryed by Voice, and conſtant Viſion on;
Humane Debates obey'd the heavenly Mode,
And all their Statutes were the Laws of God;
Long Names and *Pedigrees* did only tell,
The Hero was the ſeed of *Iſrael*:
For different Tribes no different Honour gave,
But onely Mark't the *Hebrew* from the ſlave;

By

By *Jus Divinum* of the Heavenly Call,
The ſon of *Jeſſe*, not the ſon of *Saul*,
The Regal Dignity at *Hebron* took,
And all the Tribes the Royal Line forſook.
The ſacred Oyl was now as loud a Call,
As when their Teams were threaten'd by King *Saul*:
No *Levite* durſt in canting phraſe diſſent,
Nor levy Warr with dint of Argument:
Nor did with *David* any Prieſt abide,
Whoſe Dormant Faith attended for the ſtrong'ſt ſide:
Even *Samuel* a due Obedience paid
Unto the Monarch he himſelf had made;
Proportion'd Grandure for himſelf declin'd,
To his proper work the Ark, and Sacrifice confin'd:
No Titles rais'd, nor Haughty Pallace fram'd,
But ſtill was poor, and ſtill was *Samuel* nam'd;
The Altar ſerv'd, a linnen Ephod wore,
Was ſtill as Meek, and Humble, as before;
Retyr'd from Court, in reverend Veſts array'd,
To *Iſrael*'s God, for *Iſraels* King he pray'd:
Ah had the ſacred Tribe his ſteps purſued,
What Years of peace to *Iſrael* had enſued?

How had our Flouriſhing Iſle glad Hours enjoy'd,
For calmer Joys, and Nobler actions made?
While their dark Councils now Embroyl the State,
Our Feuds encreaſe, and Vengeance antedate;
And their unpractis'd Hands exempt from Warr,
Do all the profits of Confuſion ſhare.
Fatal their skill, too undiſcern'd the Fraud,
While paſſive Zealots their Harangues applaud;
Their Dictates ſwallow, and at *Jehu*'s Rate,
Swiftly drive on with theſe *black Guards* of State;
A nameleſs Hydra Crow'd with *Janus* Face,
That whiſper Civil Fewds, and cry for peace.
Domeſtick Heroes, whoſe Dragooning Hands
Seek out no Forreign Wars, while they can plunder Friends.
Inſpire me Jove, with thunder arm my Pen,
To laſh the Manners, and deſcribe the Men.
How their lov'd Tyrant they at firſt ador'd,
And hugg'd the Romiſh Fopperies he reſtor'd;
How their reciprocal Contrivance met,
And *Mighty Injury* upheld the State:
How the loud Echoing Theatre the Church,
Burleſque their God, and ſacred Theams debauch,

Loud thanks return for th' Monſter they had made;
A *Proteſtant* Body with a *Popiſh* Head:
With humble prayers that Chriſt would now permit
That *Antichriſt* ſhould take his ſacred Seat;
The Body govern, and the Members keep,
So Wolves protected the Unarmed Sheep.
Their *loud Addreſſes* ſanctifie the Fraud,
And his *Almighty Violence* applaud:
Prompt him to Miſchiefs with upraiſed Note,
As Right, and Wrong, had been their own by Vote.
Vow'd that if ever he his Fate ſhould try,
With *Life and Fortune* they would all ſtand by,
So afterwards they did at *Salisbury*:
Nor Murmur'd they untill Diſpenſing Art,
Their well-belov'd Ambition had cut ſhort:
But Early * *Thanks* for ſtanding Armies gave,
And ſhouted home the glorious Charter *Slave*:
With Muſhrome Joy themſelves Themſelves deceiv'd,
And thank their God for what they ne're † Believ'd.
Triumphant Flames in Hypocritick Scorn,
A ſecond time do *London*'s * Trophies Burn,
While Injur'd Heaven does Flaſh for Flaſh return.

* The *Carliſle* Addreſs.

† Pr. of *Wales*.

* Fireworks.

Yet

Yet theſe the ſame who when his Fame decreas't,
And all his borrow'd Gloryes Overcaſt;
Are found Caballing, and in ſhort Debate,
Quitting his Fortunes to avoid his Fate.

Naſſovian Juſtice Tyranny ſuppreſt,
The wearied Land for ſome few dayes had reſt;
Ah few they were indeed, but very few,
Till Diſcontent our former Feuds renew;
And did King *Jeſus* Reign they'd murmur too.
Some ſmaller aids to our new Joys they lent,
And feign'd to ſmile when they could not prevent
But bauk'd of Lawleſs power as once to Reign,
At their own *aukward* Jeſt they firſt repine;
At Government with paſſive Fury rail,
And their forſaken *Idol* now bewail:
His hopefull Voyage to *Iriſh* Boggs they ſing,
And his Almighty thouſands hither bring:
From Month to Month his Numerous Hoſts they ſhow,
How oft has *England* been Invaded ſo!
Of his great Deeds they threatn'd, and of their own,
And talk'd of Fights, but always talk'd at Home.

So

So Great D——s the Royal Fortreſs mann'd,
How oft he ſwore, how oft the Prince he Damn'd:
With many a Battering Curſe, and many a Gun;
Still as he run he curſt, and as he curſt he run.
His willing Bands with wondrous Courage broke,
Nor fought he for his Monarchs Cauſe a ſtroke;
But fled e're yet the diſtant Troops appear,
Ah! had his Guilt been leſs, ſo had his Fear.

And now for Twins in craft obſerve the Men,
Who early for the Princes Cauſe began:
The *Poſſe* rais'd, and with united bands,
In Fraud, and in Ambition too ſhook hands;
For Hoſtages their Noble Pledges gave,
There needs no arts to keep him true that's Brave;
Once with our Hate ſucceſsfully they ſtrove,
Screen'd by their Vices, and their Maſters Love;
Bloted by Pride, as they had oft been told,
By their own Braſs, and by the Kingdoms Gold:
Their early Dictates of Tyrannick Sway,
When we the King, the King did them Obey,

They

They ſtill maintain, nor can they ſoon forget,
To cruſh the Subject, and Embroyle the State;
New fears of unborn Factions do infuſe,
And thread-bare cryes of *Forty One* renews.
Accuſtom'd to be Jealous even of Light,
When formidable Nothings did affright;
Vouch that the Votes that *William*'s Scepter gave,
Made him a King, a Commonwealth to have.
That thoſe are fitteſt to direct his Rule,
Who meant him that unthinking thing a Tool;
Unfettered at his hazard, not their own,
Would pay the *Switzer* off, and Reign alone:
And now in cloſeſt Councils they preſide,
With Friend, and Foe, an equal ſpoil divide:
With double aſpect, ſeek their ſingle Ends,
Aiding King *William* with King *James* his Friends;
To neither true, but hold the Poiſe at home,
That both may humble Clients be to great King T—.

And now the Church that ſacred Vizor's on,
And *Rome* begins to pull down *Babylon*:
Dragooning's ceas'd, and Paſſive Laws declare,
They wait to ſee the Iſſue of the War.

Too

Too well the ſubtil Stateſman knew the Tribe,
To tamper till he found the Soveraign Bribe,
Too well he knew they could not long withſtand
A trifling Oath.

De Facto now at one Diſtinction gain'd
The Militant thouſands of the Sacred Train,
Who long with ſtarving hopes withſtood in vain.
Four Golden Candleſticks compoſe the Van,
With all their Perſecution glories on.
The ſame that in the fiery Furnace trod,
For Sons o'th' Church are all the Sons of God.

A fifth nor Clergy, nor the Laity own,
Was Souldier, Biſhop, Lord, and Puritan.
Blew Cloak, or Caſſock, Troop, or Convocation,
And thus he tryes his skill upon the Nation.
In Grand Proceſſion thus he views the Liſts,
His Squadron full four hundred booted Prieſts;
The black Brigade thus for their Church appear'd,
And horrid cryes for *Abdy*, *Harvy*, rear'd:
With Notions ſcar'd, and their own Guilt ſubdued,
So once before they fled when none purſued;

But when the terror of the Church begun,
And Citts in Troops of *Blew-Coat-Whiggs* came on;
The Martial Zealot in his Cope uprears,
To the Royal Petticoats his Chriſtian Prayers:
And for Disbanding Grace made his Oriſons,
Which like his Graces Repartees were wiſe Ones.

One purchas'd Prieſt, whoſe pay did not miſcarry,
A very Prieſt, for very Mercenary;
Conſcious of his too tottering Faith, and knew
That if he took but one, ſhould perjure two;
In Conſcience ſaid hee'd never break them both,
And ſwore, by God, he would not take the Oath.

But now the gawdy Nicety's in vain,
De Facto Swearers with *De Jure* joyn.
Sworn and uniform, one common Cauſe promote,
And private Fewds for publick good forgot;
While Doctor *Sherlock* now the Church harangu'd,
With that fame Topick *Cook* had try'd and hang'd.
The Honeſt *Levites* who are poor and few,
As they may well be poor who dare be true;

With

With words they wheedle some, with Gold as many,
For Priests were always to be bought for mony.

Room for a Regiment of Bigott Citts,
Who lately lost, and lately found their Wits;
By wondrous Fate with * forfeit Favours grac'd, { * I don't mean the Lieutenancy.
By Mighty *T——m*'s Almighty Magick plac'd:
View them in Arms when our invaded Coast,
Some glittering hopes propos'd that all was lost;
How their advanc'd Battalion's did appear,
To fight the Men appointed to come here.

Sir *W——m* that in Martial Robes did shine,
And Reason good indeed, began the Line;
With many a Rank of Tory Buff and Feather,
That's now Restor'd, and gone the Lord knows whither;
To keep the Peace Precedency's did grant,
And here, (if not at home) he's Commandant;
Tho might he choose Commands, 't would be agen
Ten thousand Guinea's, not ten thousand Men:
Ah! *Tom Papillion*, 'twas a slippery trick,
To bilk the Mayor, and then to *Holland* sneak:

See now the Martial Magiſtrate from far,
With all his dreadful Equipage of War;
Three *equal Halves* compoſe his ſtately Meen,
Half Lord, half Souldier, half a Gentleman:
And three as equal Dividends make out,
The gawdy ſtyles of his Pedantick Rout.
True City Champions, tumults to appeaſe,
And wiſh't for Conventicling Trophies raiſe:
As Taylors, Porters, Prentices, become
Half drunk, half ſober, and a half run home.

Sir P——r next had Primitive command,
Compleatly fix't, had but his Boots come on,
A Campaign *Phyſ*, and as it came to paſs,
As much a Souldier, and as much an Aſs:
In different ſtyles his numerous Titles ran,
Was Hangman, Collonel, and Chamberlain;
Synonimous to that Miraculous ſtore,
Was very Rich, and alſo very Poor.
In later times he learnt to Domineer,
And now moſt accurately ſwaggers here:

His Favourites now his dear bought Trophies ſing,
And he ſues for ſpeaking Treaſon like a King:
Enrich't with luſty Verdict from the * Aſſize,
Who at two Marks his over-valued Honour prize.

* Suing *Bellamy* for words, & had two Marks Dammages.

A third, and fourth, to fill the Cavalcade,
With match't Battallions meet on the Parade;
For equal Falſhood, equal Fate befell,
This dub'd a Knight, and that a Collonel.
A fifth and ſixth, with many a ſubaltern,
Went out with Fools, and juſt as wiſe return.
But his Condition juſtly we condole,
For pity is a Tribute to a Fool.
Who firſt diſmounted in the hot diſpute,
Went out on Horſeback, and came home on Foot;
The unhappy ſhot diſtinguiſh't to a Jeſt,
Pick't out the Animal, and ſpar'd the Beaſt:
Tho' ſome affirm the truth did not appear,
Till he had firſt be——t himſelf for Fear;
Nor with the fright did his Misfortune end,
But firſt his brother Beaſt condol'd, and next his Friend:

So

So once the Woodman to the Man of God,
When the loſt Ax ſunk in the Neighbouring Flood,
Alas 'twas borrowed.

And thus the Knights with City Diſcipline,
Martch't to *High Park* indeed to ſee the Queen.
So once the *French* with Forty thouſand Men,
Went up the Hill, and ſo came down agen:
So once King *James* his Squadrons did delude-a,
By ſtorming *Hounſlow* Heath inſtead of *Buda*:
Had you the Baggage of the Hoſt but view'd,
Beſides the running Campers that purſued:
Had you beheld the Stores, the Magazine,
The Bread, the Cheeſe, the Bottles, and the Wine,
You would have ſwore 't had been a *Scotch* Campaign;
That barren Highlands their fateagues ſhould know,
Where neither they could reap, nor others ſow:
Or that *Montroſs*'s Marches they ſhould take,
With fifty days Proviſion at his back.
And now the Queen advances to the view,
Lord! how the ready Troops in order ſhew,

No

No more a Figure, their now dissolved Files,
And one great Throng the well fix't Line compiles;
To let the Queen their Annual postures know
At their more regular Figure, *Lord-Mayors-Show.*
And now the Royal Chariot's shouted home,
By that Almighty Monster Captain *Tom*:
Whose ecchoing shouts when she no more can hear,
Their Pot-gun Volleys charge Her Royal Ear;
Whose regular noise, had she not known how tame,
How unprepar'd, and how resolv'd they came:
Some dreadful scambling combate did present,
Alike confus'd, thô different in event:
And who knows what that day might have produc'd,
By Wine and Martial Gallantry seduc'd;
Had not the Wiser Sex their Votes deny'd,
As to the *Bagg of Bullets* by the side.
Wisely the advent'rous Wife her presence gave,
To calm with Frowns, the Fop she came to save;
A Whip's a proper weapon for a Slave,
So once *Sclavonian* Masters did attack,
When conquering Slaves came in Rebellion back.

And

And thus the Royal Muſter did conclude,
And the Hoſt diſſolv'd into a multitude;
Meer *Mob* the Matter, Army was the Form,
So Bees go out a Troop, come back a Swarm.
So well compoſed Vapours repreſent
Ships, Armies, Battails, in the Firmament;
'Till ſteady Eyes the Exhalation ſolves,
And all to its firſt matter Cloud diſſolves.

Mean while the Martial Terrors of the Field,
The threatned Whiggs with juſt Diſdain beheld;
The unwieldy Monſter they at once defie,
And in their Monarchs Cares do Peace enjoy;
Their joyful Aids to his ſupport lay down,
And thankfully his happy Influence own;
Their hearty thouſands his Exchequer knows,
And ready Loans their Preſs'd Obedience ſhows;
No falſe Harangues of late addreſſing Age,
But thus their *Lives* and *Fortunes* they engage;
An active Loyalty their Princeſs ſees,
To purpoſe ſhown, and in Extremities:

Words are an empty Loyalty at beſt,
And cheaply paid, Occaſion is the Teſt;
So found too late their Abdicated *James*,
And ſo our Naval Management Proclaims.
Nor do we Laurels to his Temples bring,
Or conquering *William*'s dear bought Triumphs ſing
With greater Joy, than with regret we ſee
His Cauſe (for his is ours) Betray'd at Sea:
So while th' accurſed thing i'th' Camp remain'd,
Were *Iſrael*'s Tents with *Iſrael*'s ſlaughters ſtain'd.
Not ſo the Hero's our Deſign diſplayes,
Whoſe awkward Grin their treacherous Joy betrayes.

Ungrateful Smiles their envious hopes declare,
And ſtyle the Invaſion a Familiar War.
Their horrid Jeſts on *Engliſh* Fears they make,
And wild Delights in hop'd Revenge do take:
Boaſt of our Loſſes with exalted Voice,
And at their Countreys Infamy rejoyce.
With uncouth Joy the well known Story told,
How an Invaſion's bought, and *England* ſold;

And how exact the deep Intreague is laid,
The *Dutch* be ſacrific'd, and we betray'd.

'Twas like a Prieſt, when of the Sacred Tribe,
One in his bloated Hopes their Plots deſcribe:
Our Plot! ſaid he, and paus'd, to let you know
To whom your Hopes, to whom your Thanks you owe,
's So deep, ſo well contriv'd, ſuch Actors in't,
The Devil perhaps may know't, but can't prevent.
But when the Mob the Reverend Author took,
How like his * Guide did paſſive *Clerus* look;
How more confus'd, if Impudence can bluſh,
When ſearch't for boaſted Plots!

* *Roger* when took and carried to *Guild-Hall.*

The Prieſt, as Prieſts are wont, deceiv'd the throng,
And lookt for * Treaſon's prov'd a Bawdy Song,
And thus the *Gallick Victories* they declar'd,
Even before the haſtening Fact appear'd:
Boaſting their ſhame, and hugg'd themſelves to find
Their *Iſrael*, their own *Iſrael* fled before the *Philiſtine*;
Juſt then, when ſinking Horror did ſurround,
And preſent Fears our abſent Hopes confound;

* A Parſon taken at *Grave's* Coffee-Houſe.

The

The wondrous Trump his * Conqueſt ſounded o're, [*Boyne
So once his Aſpect ſav'd the Land before.
Moments of time the vaſt occaſion hit,
To thoſe ſurprizing, and to theſe compleat:
Had the great deed exactly tim'd by Fate,
One weighty juncture ſlipt, 't had come too late;
Had he not fought, or had it not been then,
Thô he had conquer'd, it had been in vain.
So Mighty *Naſſau*, ſo did Heaven contrive,
That thy Great hand ſhould twice the Nation ſave.

See now the *Hydra-Faction* of the Town,
Cry Hail, and bend with aukward Couchees to the Throne;
The Cauſe diſown, and cowardly *Nero* curſe,
Not that he did no better, but no worſe:
Ah! were they true to their adopted Cauſe,
There's far more danger in their Tongues than Claws.]
For now with fatal Induſtry they drive,
And unto one paſt Plot two more contrive;

Nor grudge to periſh in the ſtorm they raiſe,
So their laſt fall their Country but betrayes:
So ſwift are Men to deſperate Ills deſign'd,
To ill ſpontaneous, and in good confin'd.
A proof the evil Principle is firſt,
And Guilt has all the Power to Will engroſs'd.

View next the laſt Fateague of New-born hope,
To ſink their fears, and empty Comforts prop,
Exactly laid, but * *God knows how let drop.*

* The Words of the Letter to K. *James*, taken with Lord *Preſton*.

In ſuppliant Poſtures now to Court they go.
And they who once *abhorr'd*, Petition now.
Nor are the Rout of leſs ſuppos'd eſteem,
Than ſix ſcore repreſenting Perſons ſeem:
Captains of thouſands, mighty Men of Valour,
From ſilly *Will*, to Captain *Tom the Taylor*;
In Mood and Figure to the Houſe made way,
To beg their Prentices a Holy-day.

And

And made a moſt unconſcionable Prayer,
That they might have no Aldermen, nor Mayor:
But that the City as in ancient *Troy*,
One General Revel-Jubilee might enjoy;
That *Bedlam*, *Newgate*, *Counters*, and *Bridewell*,
Might with the *Common*-C——*il* now Rebell;
That *Tower* Ditches might exclude the *Thames*,
And Royal *Naſſau* truckle to King *James*:
And that your poor Petitioners may be eas'd,
And have a Mayor, or no Mayor, as they pleas'd;
Remonſtrating that what they did reſtore,
Had more reſtrain'd them than they were before;
'Twas not their loathſome Priviledges they ſought,
But freedom to do ill.
Give them their ancient Priviledges agen,
When they could plunder and deſtroy like Men:
The luſcious Garlick of the former Reigns,
And pin not Freemen up with Poſts and Chains:
When threatning Baſtions at the *Tower* begun,
And *Guild-Hall* Gate became a Garriſon.
When Charters were the Teſt, and Kings did know
What they durſt ask, the Subject durſt beſtow:

When

When truſty Patriots bought Mechanick ſway,
Begg'd for Illegal Orders to obey,
And Compliment their Liberty's away;
Whoſe * ſwifter Grant his cravings did defeat,
And Tyranny it ſelf anticipate.

*Pickering that begg'd to have his Companies Charter taken away, and deliver'd it with his own hand.

A new Sir *Will.* this ſecond March begun,
And brought his *Blunderbuſs*, but left his Gun.
'Twas thought the King beſtow'd his Spurs in ſpight,
And ſpoild a Captain to compoſe a Knight;
In Whigg-Plot days have you not ſeen the *Beau*,
With Martial Bagpipe to the Main Guard go;
With many a Blunderbuſs, and Muſquetoon,
Compleatly arm'd, with Cane, and Pantaloon:
Equip't with his Hereditary Pride,
And his Inheritance of Brains beſide:
Nature has wiſely blazon'd on his Face,
The Eſcutcheon of his Family, an Aſs:
From ear to ear the Mantling does extend,
Creſt:'d to ſhow the Goat's the Aſſes Friend;
Accoſtom'd to Command, he rais'd in pity
This Independant Troop to ſerve the City:

And

And wiſely does remonſtrate to the Houſe,
How much his Zeal before his Knowledge goes;
And how he had improv'd his time at School,
Was now a well accompliſh'd Captain Fool,
A weighty Blockhead, with an empty Scull.

Next him Sir *Ralph*, in his due order ſtood,
A very *Ralph*, a very piece of Wood:
By art they ſay his Timber does excell,
An artificial ſtroke may poliſh Hell:
Some hid accompliſhments he may contain,
That do for Speculation ſtill remain;
Or to be known, when th' art to underſtand,
Without the drudgery of ſpeaking's gain'd,
At preſent if we judge by what is known,
As to the ſpecies of a Fool, he 's one.

Alas *Tom Durfey* thou haſt fallen *Short*,
And now * *Drugeſtus* ſhall excuſe thee for't,
For he had elſe come next to make us ſport;
With Ruby Face, and old abhorring Noſe,
So Copper mix'd with Stone, does Braſs compoſe.

* *New Rapparees*, pag. 6.

Next

Next Couſin *Will*, with *wither'd* Face and Foot,
In his Addreſſing Slippers hobbl'd to't,
With aukward *Phys*, and a Petitioning Band,
Recants Abhorring now, to heal the Land:
With many a ſigh the Danger repreſents,
And now like *Pen*, the Brother Stateſman cants;
Had he a Linnen Ephod from the Stall,
On's head a *neighbouring Sign*, he'd be a Cardinal:
Were I King *James*, I'de ſend for him to *France*,
And to a real *Hat* the Tool advance.
Who knows when once become *His Eminence*,
He may be fitter for an * *Evidence*;
Beſides ſome change attends him that he knows,
Inform'd by his prognoſticating Toes.

* His Blunder at the Barr of the Houſe.

Now if you'd hear ſome Loyal City Farce,
Hear *Bed*———*d*, hee'l bid you kiſs his Ar——
Nor Shrieffs, nor Mayor, nor Common Halls excus'd,
But his Poſteriors are alike expos'd:
Nay, if *Bow* Bells for Whiggiſh Joys are rung,
The jangling Mettal muſt ſalute his Bung;

The

The Parliament he hopes will hear him now,
If not his common Compliment they know.

Some of the ſort have Crimes are Capital,
On whom their Brothers Blood do's Vengeance call;
Tender of theſe, we ſay to *Rouſe* and *Brough*,
Eternity is Puniſhment enough.
Take an authentick Term for your Condition,
'Twas *Murther* ſtyl'd by th' Houſe you now Petition:
Petition Heaven, (if it be not too late,)
And tempt no more inevitable Fate:
But note, that they do Penitence pretend,
Who ſtrive to extenuate, and not amend.

And here ſome Tears does injur'd *Corniſh* call,
Whom weeping Heaven does annually bewail,
And Vengeance *ſwift as Fate* upon his Murtherers entail;
Whoſe Death will never be forgot, forgiven
On Earth by Man, or unreveng'd by Heaven.
An Innocent Man by your unrighteous Breath,
As a Man before the wicked fell. ———

To paint the single Character of all,
Would swell the Satyr to a Chronicle:
As whipping *Langham*, and his Brother *Kent*,
With Pious *Brerewood*, Doctor Small-beer's Saint;
And some that sacrificed Mistress *Gaunt*;
With one of *Cornishes*, (that yet *survives*,)
And near an hundred more *Diminutives*:
One general Character the List may Own,
The *Hackney Jurors* of the Drooping Town;
The Inquisitors of late Tyrannick Reign,
Who now *Petition* for Power to Ride again.

How vast had been the List, had not the band,
To Senate Members only been confin'd:
Thus Sir *J*— *M*—*r* they left, and that was pity,
Who had so long been th' *Genius* of the City:
Well might the King to his Escutcheon add
The *Rampant* * *Lyon*, who such roaring made,
And eat up all the Priviledges we had:
And some Assistants that the Fury fed,
Were now become of the Petitioned.

* *K. Charles* added to his Scutcheon the *Lyon Rampant.*

Not

Not thence the ſlacker handed to put on,
The labour'd purchaſe of Confuſion:
For if paſt Hazards are a proper Teſt,
Sir *Thomas* ſhares a Faith above miſtruſt;
Who Frigidated by Diſtemper'd *Hums*,
His Fiery Zeal for Slavery proclaims;
With Gouty Corps, in Mathematick Chair,
To Charter giving Votes did heartily repair.

Sir *Sy——n L——s* held up both his Paws,
To think that he who ſmarted for the Cauſe,
Should now be robb'd of his delight, Applauſe;
And by his *quondam* Honours loudly ſwore,
Tho' Jilted oft, was never Thus before;
Nothing but time can lay the fermentation,
Or make his Worſhip fit for Converſation.
Not *Celia's* Charms, not *Clora's* tender hours,
But raves in Love, and frets in his Amours.

Sir *W——m W——ms* firſt the Cauſe eſpous'd,
And all his ſputtering Eloquence he rous'd;

Foaming with learned Fury, you'd ha' thought,
He came to ſpew them in, he once ſpew'd out.
Well hir'd to be the Churches Champion,
And thus for *Biſhops Tryal* does attone.
For Soveraign Fee, with eager note does prate,
No Cauſe ſo bad but has an Advocate.

And to make up the ſhowe, with Men of Sence,
Comes *Common S——t* for an *Evidence*;
With *We*'s, and *They*'s, with *Us*'s, and *Suppoſe*'s,
Tells how in *Common Hall* he counted Noſes:
Tells you how he himſelf with City Power,
Decently waited on by Sheriffs, and *Mayor*,
Does *Propria Perſona* firſt diſcloſe,
And tell the People who it is they chooſe.
With Meagre Face, and true Mechanick Pride,
So will th' exalted Beggar always ride.

The

The CONCLUSION.

GReat *Naſſau* from his envied Throne look't down,
And view'd their buſie Malice with a Frown.
Their Impotent Fury view'd with juſt diſdain,
And ask'd if he had Sav'd them all in vain?
Their weak Intreagues with due Contempt he ſaw,
And generouſly reſtrain'd the ſcourge of Law.
His Conquering Mercy did his Juſtice ſtay,
And at his Peril let them diſobey:
Reſtraints to his own injur'd Paſſions gave,
Their Folly pityed, and their Guilt forgave.
A Proof he ſtrove for their meer Liberty,
Had *fought* to ſave, and *conquer'd* to ſet free;
Divinely Good, their treacherous arts he bore,
Was ſtill as kind, and gentle as before:
Arm'd them as Friends, to fortifie his Throne,
And ſmil'd until they thought he durſt not frown.
But when their Inſolence his Arm defy'd,
And wou'd again their baffled Cauſe have try'd,
And he muſt now deſtroy or be deſtroy'd;

Let's

Let's flye at once his Vengeance to devour,
And gives a taste of his mistaken Power:
Takes care that they shall never more rebell,
And with just Thunder drives them down to Hell.
" So *Jove* when Earth born *Titan's* did aspire,
" Pile Hill on Hill, and highet yet came and higher,
" Till they almost had scal'd Heavens glittering Wall,
" And either they, or he himself nauſt fall;
" Unrein'd his Vengeance, let his Thunders flye,
" And forked Lightnings sally round the Skye;
" The black *Abyss* is cover'd with their spoils,
" They float on *Chaos*, like enchanted Isles;
" Transfix't with angry Bolts, from surge to surge they go,
" Despair and raving wander in Eternal Woe:
May all thine Enemies, *Great Nassau*, perish so.

FINIS.

A New-Years-Gift FOR THE Late Rapparees.

A SATYR.

— A Head-strong, Moody Murm'ring Race,
As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of Grace;
Gods pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease
No King can govern, nor no God can please.

Dreyden's *Absolom* and *Achitophel.*

LONDON:
Printed for *E. Smith*, 1691.

A

New-Years-Gift

FOR THE

Late Rapparees.

A

SATYR.

A Head-Strong, Mouth-Murmuring Race,
As ever tryd to extent and stretch of Grace;
Lodge proper d'Peoples whom, deb auch d'mitbeafe
Neuong can govern, nor no God can please.

Dr. [illegible]

LONDON:

Printed for E. Smith, 1[illegible]

THE PREFACE

Being an Addreſs of Thanks to the New Rapparees, from the *Turks*, *French*, and their dear Name-ſakes in *Teagueland*, on occaſion of their late famous Petition.

WE *whoſe Names are hereunto ſubſcribed, being Imbark'd in the ſame common Cauſe with you, for the Deſtruction of theſe Chriſtian and Heretick Dogs, with whom we all alike believe, no Faith is to be kept any longer than we can help it; do in the Name of the Great Prophet* Mahomet, *the Immortal Heroe* Lewis *the* XIV, *and the bleſſed St.* Patrick, *joyntly preſent you with our unfeigned Thanks for that ſeaſonable Diverſion which you have given to the Arms of a Prince, whom we dread more than all the reſt of* Europe. *'Tis from the Impreſſion the* Engliſh *are expected to make into* France *the enſuing Campaign, that the Grand* Lewis *may juſtly fear the blaſting of his Lis's and Lawrels, the* Grand Signior *be obliged to diſembogue his new Conqueſts on the other ſide of* Europe, *as well as his Brother on this; and the Grand Rogues and Cut-throats, we your dear Brethren, the Rapparees of* Ireland, *dread a Total Extirpation, and ſuch an end as the Hereticks ſay we deſerve. Nor can any thing, we are ſenſible, as well as you, obſtruct the De-*

ſigns of the King of England, beſides the want of that without which War can neither go nor ſtand, nor Earth or Hell invent a better way for the effecting it, than what you have ſo happily choſen. Go on then, you great Defenders of the Catholick Cauſe, and under the Great Alla, the moſt Illuſtrious Patrons of the true Muſſulmen! And if your pious Deſigns ſhould miſs their deſired Succeſs, (for which all our Moſques, Temples and Bogs, ſhall be fill'd with Prayers, Maſſes, and Aboo-Aboos;) if after all, your great Enemy and ours ſhould ſtill remain in the Chair, and a yet greater in the Throne, you may yet however aſſure your ſelves, that your good Endeavours to diſlodge both of 'em from thoſe places, ſhall be own'd as an Eternal Obligation to

Your Confederates, Friends and Name ſakes,

&c.

A

New-Years-Gift

FOR THE

Late Rapparees.

NOr are you yet Secure, since you refuse
That *Grace* by which you hold your *Lives*, to use
Acts of Oblivion shall not blind a *Muse*.
A starving *Orphans* Curse, or D---n thine,
When disappointed of thy grand design,
Shall all be *Flattery*, if compar'd to mine.
O that you all were *Wits*, as Sharp, as Poor
As ever Beg'd their Bread from door to door!
Then would I conjure *Jordan* from the Dead,
The City Boys round his *Justifull Head*,

And make him laſh his Maſters for their Crimes
In dull Lampoons, and aukward pageant Rimes;
Dull as your Ballad-ſinger lately made,
Who kindly writes all round to force a Trade;
Heavy as his, yet full of damn'd conceit,
To cruſh you Dead with their unwieldy weight;
Or make you hang your ſelves for very ſpite,
That ſuch a Block-head ſhould no longer Write.
Dull mercy, canſt thou ever be forgiven?
The tameſt Attribute of Earth and Heaven:
'Tis thou who mak'ſt Deliverance incompleat;
Thou ſtock'ſt the world with Villains bold and great;
Thou fill'ſt the Hall with thoſe who better far
Would grace a Priſon, and become the Bar:
Thou let'ſt thy ſleepy Bolts ruſt uſeleſs by,
Whilſt the audacious Titans thee defy,
And boaſt they'll ſhortly drag thee from the Sky;
'Tis Juſtice muſt ſecure thy tott'ring Throne,
And vindicate thy Quarrel and her own.
Forgive me, ſacred Order and the Laws,
If I for once eſpouſe the Rables Cauſe.
Impartial Mob, thy Juſtice I admire,
Truer than moſt Tribunals ſeated higher,
Unskill'd in Stateſmens Arts, or French *Fineſs*,
Their thoughts the ſame, whatever the ſucceſs,
Their *Juſtice* more, altho' their *Judgment* leſs,
Verſt in the Soul of Action, quick *diſpatch*,
So *mild*, they never hang but whom they catch.
By Heaven Commiſſion'd like the Darts of Fate,
Through Stones and Walls and Rocks they Penetrate.

Preach to the Tide, as ſoon its courſe you'll ſtay,
Which Foams and Raves, and through Bridg roles away.
Ah, had the Reformation they begun,
Been carry'd to the heigth, and throughly done;
Not only leſſer Vermin ſcar'd away,
Fat Prieſts and Jeſuits rob'd of all their Prey,
But Villains who had ſin'd more deep than they;
Their Conſciences deform'd with blacker ſtains,
Contracted thick in two inglorious Reigns;
Had they but paſt th' Ordeal, and ſcap'd by Fire
To th' Realm of Slaves which they ſo much admire,
Our happy Land from ſuch foul Locuſt clear,
They'd there been plagu'd themſelves, not plagu'd us here.
And why ſhould ſuch by legal ways be try'd,
Who Laws ne'er lov'd, whom Laws ne'er ſatisfy'd,
Who doat on Will and Pleaſures Turkiſh ſway,
The Beaſts no Freedom knew but to obey?
Eternal Foot-balls to who ever's Crown'd,
Kick while they will, ſo th' Humour may go round,
And they but trample others on the ground.
O glorious Paſſive Valour, born t' Engage,
Convert, or ſhame a curſt reſiſting Age.
A Vertue well their Wives and Daughters knew,
The Loyal things were always Paſſive too;
Their Waxen Hearts melt at Imperial Fire,
Nor dar'd reſiſt a Princes warm deſire,
While the glad Court around profuſely flings
Preſents of China-Wares, or better things,
Honours and Horns, and Chains for Breaſt and Head,
As thick as *Luiſd'ors* have ſince been ſpread.

Wha

What City-Dame could long her Fortreſs hold,
When *Jove* himſelf deſcends and woes in Gold?
Never was Cuckold Brave, our hopes we place
With Juſtice on the coming nobler Race.
Whoſe Mothers better than their Husbands know
How much the City to the Court does owe.
What wonder when the Cock's ſtout heart is broke,
And Miſtreſs won, he never ſtrikes a ſtroke?
His ſtronger Rival all his Walks may ſeize,
Enjoy his ſoft Serallio at his eaſe,
And plunder on his Dunghil when he pleaſe.
Say then, ye Wights of *Iriſh* name and ſenſe,
Whence flows this new and ſudden confidence:
'Tis Banter all, nor wou'd you Law pretend,
Unleſs to ſave a poor confiding Friend:
Thus Thieves, who a new leaf muſt elſe turn o'er,
Run to the Bible they Blaſphem'd before.
See how Devoutly the pale Raſcals Plead,
And with what Zeal the fatal Verſe they Read?
Why will ye ſtill reſolve againſt a Pardon,
And Heav'n and Earth at once againſt you harden?
And is this Age ſo barren then of Crimes,
You needs muſt even thoſe of former times
Pull down on your curſt Heads? ——
Cou'd you but think, had it not better been
To have ſafely buried all the Guilt and Sin;
To have laid thoſe Ghoſts, which if they reach the Air,
All their black Murderers will to pieces tear.

Stand

Stand then, ſince you their Calm abodes invade,
And face 'em all; ---The firſt is *Ruſſel*'s ſhade,
Ghaſtly and pale his Face, with ſpots of red
Beſprinkl'd o'er; his new united Head
His mangled Neck ſupports; thus gliding by
Tranverſe, he views ye with a threatning Eye:
Glances of piercing Vengeance at ye throws,
His Wounds, his deep, wide, gaping Wounds he ſhows,
Then nods and ſinks. ---Yes Monſters 'tis the ſame;
Tremble you not to hear the very Name?
Or is your brawny callous Conſcience now
Grown fully as Caſe-hardned as your Brow?
Ah! *Ruſſel*, vainly we lament thy Fate,
The effect of *Turkiſh* ſpite, and Romiſh hate:
As vainly we thy Murderers wou'd ſhame,
By branding on their Brows that ghaſtly Name:
They live, juſt Heav'n! too much! yet much much more
Defend their Crime, and wou'd repeat it o'er
The ſelf ſame Crime, were but occaſion given,
And on it venture all their Earth and Heaven.
Daggers, and Poiſons, Gibbets, and Deſpair,
And keen *Iambic*'s Rage to drive 'em there;
Light on 'em for't, torment 'em Limb by Limb,
Mangle 'em worſe than they e'er mangled him;
Defeated Rage torment 'em, or ſome Curſe,
Yet worſe than theſe, if Hell can find a worſ
Send 'em all *Oldham*'s Wiſhes ten times o'er; e.
All his keen Stabs againſt th' ungratefull Whore;
All angry *Ovid*'s add; then think for more.

Stay Word'rers, stay; —the Satyr is not gone,
He'll only just take Breath, and then curse on.
See what remains—the Noble *Sydney* see,
Ye Gods! what Marks of Roman Majesty;
Not mighty *Brutus* walk'd with greater Grace,
What high-unfully'd Honour in his Face;
What Sence scarce less than Oracles Divine,
Did thro' each Word of his, each Letter shine;
What Reason touch'd in each oraculous Line:
Mistaken Man, his Tryal was not fair,
He lost himself by speaking Reason there,
Since they allow'd him no Interpreter;
And those who then were present will assure ye
'Twas all Law-French to his good English Jury.
Had Bench or Bar been chang'd, to've seen't you'd say
He was the Judge, the Malefactors they;
All like himself great *Sidney* did appear,
Like *Jeffreys* they, or th' Executioner:
Such *Sidney* was, and such were not a few,
Whom wrested Law oppress and murder'd too,
And such we still had had them, but for you:
Such those invited generous *Orange* o'er,
Or mutand join'd him on the cluster'd shore.
Wrest Coward Devil, least *England* shou'd unite,
The Rogues all gone, refus'd to let you fight;
'Twas not for want of will, or want of spite:
Or was't by Heav'n, not yet appeas'd, design'd
To leave you guilty *England*'s Plagues behind.
Curst *Canaanitish* Thorns, ordain'd to stay,
When all the rest in Regions wide away:

Scorn'd

Scorn'd Vagabonds, yet live in want and ſhame,
And give our Saviour but a Robber's Name;
And ſince our happy *Canaan* you contemn,
Why won't you be ſo kind to follow them?
O that our *Joſhua* wou'd tranſplant you quite,
Or make each ſtrong-back'd Slave a *Gibeonite*.
But you your innate Malice ſtill purſue,
The happy Land was once poſſeſt by you,
You have your Lives, but ours you think your due.
Are chang'd from what we found you, to our coſt,
As much as a wild Beaſt whoſe Fangs are loſt.
Art can do much, but here all Art's in vain;
Knock out your Teeth, and add a clog and chain,
The Nature of the Beaſt will ſtill remain.
Such Curs, when once but fleſh'd in bloud they be,
They'll never leave it till they find a Tree;
So ſweet the Taſt of what you ſuck'd before,
You have a true Dog's Hunger ſtill for more.
You dare not leap the Fold, the Shepherd nigh,
But yet will vilely leer as you go by,
And if none ſees, at ſome far Weather flye;
Tho' rated off, you'd ſtill be at 'em fain,
And lick your Lips, and grumble croſs the Plain,
How gladly wou'd you play th' old Game again.
The King of Shepherds, if you durſt engage,
Great *Tityrus* himſelf ſhou'd feel your rage:
Yet with *Alexis* dare a War maintain,
For any lower Quarry's you diſdain;
The happy Lord of all this fertile Plain.

Honester Thieves, when Pardon they receive,
The Road, at least, a little while will leave;
Nay, some good natured Rogues the Trade forsake,
And to the Injur'd Restitution make;
But you your former Villanies attone,
By owning what is past, and sinning on;
The Orphans Pockets pick'd, the Charter stole;
The City robb'd, even of their very Soul,
Made Slaves and Beggars.——
Justice her self the Tide could not withstand,
Scar'd from *Guildhall*, by *Q*——'s Cut-throat Band:
All this atchiev'd for th' Idols you ador'd, (whor'd;
Who burnt your Town, your Wives and Daughters
The least you could have done for th' injur'd Nation,
Had been to've hang'd your selves for Reparation.
Instead of this, which Equity requir'd,
Which injur'd Justice ardently desir'd,
To've eas'd her self the pain, which even you
In your own *Conscience* must confess your due,
On *London*'s *Glory* and *Defence* you fall,
And Fault enough, he *lately saw'd us all:*
On him with whom you formerly began,
That great, that injur'd, that illustrious Man;
Great without Titles, *borrows* not esteem
From their short Fund, but rather *lends* it them.
Where have you slept who hope this point to gain?
Mistaken Men, you're not in *James*'s Reign,
When Conscionable *Fines* so oft did show
The Jury's *Mercy*, and their *Justice* too;

Who

Who *Guild-hall Riots* made of *Voteing fair*;
But nothing of *presenting Musket* there.
O golden Days! O blessed Tory Times!
When Truth was Treason, and the greatest Crimes
Hallow'd with Loyalty's too honest Name!
How modestly the former Age you blame!
Did they pretend all Vertues to supply
With an ill-natur'd cross-grain'd Piety?
You did the same with fullome Loyalty.
Equal your Folly, equal your Mistake,
As Atheist they, so you wou'd Rebels make;
Whore, swear, blaspheme, be damn'd, do what you will
Your onely Comfort is, you're Loyal still;
But had one Ounce of that fam'd Drug still staid,
Which then so far your Hearts & Brains out-weigh'd,
You'd not have now, for narrow private Ends,
Disturb'd your Prince's Councils, and his Friends;
Th' old Poison's working still, and still you hate,
Whoever's in his Wits, and moderate;
Whoe'er attempts to rob you of your Sting,
Without respect, be he or Lord, or King,
None more than him, who's now so far above
That Spite and Envy which he once did prove,
Whom all but such as you admire and love.
Your stingless Malice on your selves rebounds;
Your Curses scatter in imperfect Sounds;
Disperst by Winds in the wild Fields of Air,
While still th illustrious *Prætor* fills the Chair;
For Treble Shame do's treble Honours bear.

Unmov'd he fills his Orb, ſecure of Fate,
As far above our Praiſes as your Hate.
Such Bliſs for Heroes do's kind *Jove* provide,
When they have ſtemm'd the Worlds tumultuous tide;
And ranks 'em with the Gods, by his immortal ſide.
Such was thy Due, great Man, and all confeſs
That Providence cou'd hardly give thee leſs;
The Injuries of former Reigns t' attone,
Clearing at once thy Honour, and its own;
If thine did need, which onely ſhines more bright
For th' envious Fogs which once eclips'd thy Light:
Nor did they properly thy *Rays* confine,
But clos'd our Eyes, we cou'd not ſee thee ſhine.
Thus blindly on Miſtakes fond Mortalls run,
Since 'tis the *Earth*'s Eclipſe, and not the *Sun*;
He thro' the *Zodiack* keeps his conſtant way,
And ſcatters round the Heaven's eternal Day.
How vaſt the Praiſe the Nation muſt allow!
Thy *Sufferings* then, and thy great *Actions* now;
True to thy Self, and thy lov'd Country's Cauſe,
A *Confeſſor* for *England*'s bleeding Laws;
While others tamely bore each Preſſure laid,
On Liberty, by Tyranny o'erweigh'd,
Which theſe for *Fear*, and theſe for *Gold* betray'd;
Whilſt on prudential Motives others run,
And wou'd be *undone*, leaſt they ſhou'd be *undone*;
Or whilſt the publick *Ship* for loſt they gave
Their own ſmall Venture on a Plank wou'd ſave;
'Twas you alone durſt ſtem the threatning Wave;

You

You, and a happy glorious Few beſide,
Of thoſe who Liberty's *fair Martyr's* dy'd,
The Oars, the Canon, and the Pump you ply'd;
Till preſt too hard, with Numbers overpowr'd,
The fierce *Corſairs* your ſhatter'd Veſſel Board,
And put its brave Defenders to the Sword.
You ſcap'd 'tis true, confin'd to th' noiſom *Hold*;
Their *Luſt of Blood* outweigh'd by *Luſt of Gold*;
For better Times reſerv'd, reſerv'd alive;
To ſee our dying Liberties revive;
To ſee the Heroe each fell Monſter drive,
And fair *Britannia* from the *Rock* unchain
Almoſt her ſelf the *ſame* with fear and pain.
See where again he ploughs the foaming Main;
Again the wronged World his Arms invite,
* *Monſters, and Monſter-men*, more fierce to fight;
The Coward-Slaves turn *Marble* at the ſight.
Whilſt you, great Man! muſt in his Abſence ſt eer,
Aud Guard the Virgin while he leaves her here,
As once before;---May you that Task perform,
As well as in the laſt approaching ſtorm;
So juſtly you ſhall Grandchild Ages ſtile,
The Genius *of our City, and our Iſle*;
More juſt Poſterity proud Statues raiſe,
And better Poets ſing your endleſs praiſe.

* Dryden's *Sofias*

Satyr, awake! where haſt thou ſlept ſo long?
Like *Cerberus*, charm'd by the *Thracian*'s Song;
The Slaves have now but a few ſteps to run;
Lay home thy Laſh, and ſee 'tis throughly done;

Nor

Nor at 'em one by one thy Vengeance draw,
Diſpatch 'em all at once by Martial Law;
Poor harmleſs thing! their flogg'd ſo much before,
We ſcarce ſhall make him ſtrike one Cloſer more:
Yet for the Poet he'll a little ſay,
Inſtead of Epilogue unto his Play.
If I was kindly treat you, you'll forgive me,
Since 'tis for want of no good will, believe me!
Yet let's part civilly, —a Word or two
Before I leave you quite, and then adieu:
Traytors to God, your Country, and your King!
You Bow-ſtrings love, oh how you'd fit the String!
Falſe, treacherous, cruel, perjur'd, bloudy, baſe,
Without no more Marks of *Gratitude* than *Grace*;
The *beſtial* Creatures, yet the *baſeſt* Slaves,
Half Wolf, half Aſs, *conſummate Fools and Knaves*.

The End.